

THE MAKERTON CRITIC

NOVEMBER

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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. VI.

DERRY, N. H., NOVEMBER, 1909.

NO. 2


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of Pinkerton Academy.

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DERRY, N. H., 1909.

Do you like THE CRITIC's new cover design? Under the guidance of Miss Spofford of the Drawing Department members of the Drawing Classes drew a number of designs which they submitted to THE CRITIC Board. The Board chose the design of Miss Blanche Nichols of the Junior Middle class, which appears on this issue. We wish to thank for their kindness Miss Spofford, Miss Nichols, and the students who displayed their loyalty to THE CRITIC by making and presenting to us designs.

Always in Pinkerton there has been a goodly sized number of students who were musically inclined. In the past there have been quartettes which have flourished. At times, for special occasions, orchestras have been formed. No attempt, however, within our knowledge has ever been made to band together into one society all those students with musical ability.

We were glad to be informed recently that steps were being taken toward the formation of a school Glee Club. Such a club, spirited and well organized, would be of inestimable value, not only to its members but to the whole school as well. The need of a Glee Club during the winter months is especially felt, and we can see no reason why the undertaking, if properly directed, should not be successful. The movement has THE CRITIC's hearty support.

The Academy Crow has asked for a leave of absence, which we have granted. For five years the Crow has covered the field of school news and made his regular contributions to THE CRITIC. His loss must be felt, but we believe that the hour produces the man, and are confident that someone will appear who can fill satisfactorily the Crow's place.

The proof of the November CRITIC was read by the Editor with the aid of the Senior Class Editors.

A Well Learned Lesson.

BY DONALD LEARNARD.

It was a cold afternoon in November. A boy of about fourteen years was slowly wending his way over a country road. His head was held high and he seemed to be studying the surrounding country, but all the while he was busily thinking. He was angry with his father. That very morning he had been punished for not doing his chores, and it had humiliated him, for he had a proud disposition and a quick temper, and his heart longed for revenge. After dinner, he had emptied his savings bank and started off. He thought of all these things as he walked along and it made him more angry.

The sun was shining brightly, and the wind was blowing the dried autumn leaves along. On either side of the road were bare fields, from which the harvest had been gathered a week before. It was a bad time of the year to start out into the world alone! But the boy was not thinking of these things.

As he was walking along, he came to a well worn path leading away from the road. Almost unconsciously, his feet followed the path, which led down behind the bushes and wound through a small stretch of woods. Soon he came to the banks of Black Horse River, a small stream winding through the town. There was a legend connected with this river, to the effect that in the French and Indian war an English officer had been drowned there, and on stormy nights, when the wind howled and screeched through the bushes, people told of a coal black horse, that wandered in among the alders along the bank, neighing and whinnying for its master.

The boy thought of this legend, and he

quickenened his pace. Finally, he sat down on the bank of the river, and again began to think over the injustice that he had suffered at the hands of his father. As he sat there, he heard his name called, and, looking around, he saw Tom Whitehouse, one of his playmates.

"Hello, Tom," he cried, jumping up. "Shot anything?" he added, glancing at the rifle that the other boy was carrying.

"Oh, I frightened a few chippies, but that's all," answered Tom in a careless tone.

Fred said nothing, but looked quietly at Tom.

"A penny for your thoughts, Fred," said Tom, noticing that Fred was unusually quiet and pensive.

"Will you promise not to tell?"

"Not a soul."

"I'm going to take French leave."

"WHAT?"

"I'm going away."

Tom was so astonished that he didn't reply, but continued to stare at Fred.

"You don't mean to say that you are going to leave town," he asked at last.

"I am, Tom," said Fred quietly.

"What for?"

Then Fred told how his father had made him work and had even whipped him, and ended by saying he had put up with it as long as he was going to.

Tom was silent for a long time, but he finally spoke up sharply, saying,

"See here, Fred Maynard, 'you're a fool. Your father doesn't make you work any harder than mine does, and you're as well off as any of the fellows around here. Your father, perhaps, got all tired out working in his cider mill, and

then when he came home late he was naturally cross, as most people are when they are tired. Then to find none of the chores done, and several of his best pullets carried off by skunks—why, I don't blame him. You'd better stay right at home; you'll get over it."

Fred thought of what Tom had said for a moment, and then said,

"No, I'll never forget it."

Tom again tried to persuade Fred to give up his plan of leaving home, but Fred would not consent to go back again.

Both boys said nothing for a long time and a silence that was painful brooded over the scene.

"Well," said Fred, finally breaking the silence, "let's be moving. I'm going by your house. Coming along?"

"Yes," answered Tom, rising and following Fred; "where are you thinking of going?"

"To the city."

"I shouldn't."

"Why not?"

"If I were going anywhere, I would go to work for some farmer. There are hundreds of boys in the city now without work, and if they can't get any, you certainly can't. You don't know the ways of the city, and, besides, if there are any positions open, there are always plenty to fill them. Do you remember Dick Sloat, who went to the city three years ago? I saw him the last time I was there. What do you suppose he's doing?"

"I can't guess."

"Measuring carpet for six dollars a week."

"I should feel rich on six dollars a week."

"Not very, if you had to pay three dollars a week for board, and for lunches about two dollars, and Dick has to pay about one dollar a week for washing and new clothing. Besides that, he doesn't have any time to himself."

Soon the boys came to Tom's house, and after talking awhile shook hands, and Fred started off alone. Already he began to feel lonesome, but whenever he thought of his father he was more determined than ever not to go back. He decided not to go to the city, and when he came to a cross road he took the opposite road from the one leading to the city. Soon it began to grow dark, and colder, but Fred kept on. At last he grew very tired, but as he saw no barn or shed ahead he kept on. He was about ten miles from home now. He saw a large tree by the side of the road and climbed up into it. The branches made a fairly good place to lie down, but Fred couldn't sleep.

All night he stayed awake, shivering with the cold, and towards morning he descended and buried himself in dead leaves, which made him quite warm, and he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, and he sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Whew!" he muttered, "I can't stand this very often. I'll have to find a barn or something."

He did not get up at once, but spreading more leaves over himself again fell asleep. When he awoke he felt hungry, but there was nowhere to go for food. He got up and started off. In about half an hour he came to a farm house. He managed to get to the hen house without being detected, and stole three egg

which he found there. He had read that raw eggs were very nourishing. He broke one and swallowed it. It was terrible! As he was half famished, however, he swallowed the other two.

During the day, he applied for work at three different farmhouses, but the farmers either had boys or men, and nobody wanted to hire him. At night, he saw a barn ahead with the door open and he went in. There were horses, cows, and hens in their places, and it made Fred think of home. He almost cried as he crawled up into the dark haymow. This was better than sleeping out of doors! Soon Fred heard some one come into the barn, and he quickly dove down under the hay. He heard the barn door close, and later heard some one lean a ladder against the mow. They were coming up! What should he do? He kept very still, hardly daring to breathe. Some one stepped on the hay, but Fred kept perfectly still. Then he heard the hay around him being stirred, and felt himself being shoved off from the mow with a lot of hay. This was too much.

"Help! E-e-e! Ouch!" he screamed, as he landed on the barn floor. Looking up, he saw a boy of his own age standing on the mow.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the boy.

Fred sat up, too frightened to speak, and stared at the stranger.

"Hello!" said the boy, at length.

"Hello," answered Fred.

The two boys stared at each other again.

"Who be you?" asked the boy on the hay mow, still staring at Fred.

"M-my name is Fred Maynard," an-

swered Fred, "and I live in Wrenville, the next town. If you'll let me alone, I'll get out of your barn, but I had no place to sleep, so I crawled in here.

The boy came down from the mow and, opening the barn door, he let Fred out. How cold the air was! Nevertheless, he started out again. He had not gone far when he heard footsteps behind him, and heard the boy shout,

"Hey! come back here a minute."

Fred waited, and the boy came up to him.

"Ma an' pa made me come an' call you back," he began, "they want to see you."

"No, I can't go back," said Fred.

"You must, they told me not to come back without you. They were awful mad at me for letting you out."

"Well, I'll go, then," said Fred, and he started back with the boy.

Entering the house Fred found himself in a warm kitchen. It reminded him of home more than ever. He even began to wish that he was at home.

Fred was introduced to the boy's parents. Then they sent their boy from the room and began to talk to Fred and to ask him how he happened to run away. Fred could bear it no longer. With tears and sobs he told them all. They merely smiled, and the man said,

"Well, my boy, do you want to go back home?"

"Yes," answered Fred.

"Well, you just stay here tonight, and tomorrow we'll see about getting you back. You're about twenty miles from home, lad."

Then they called their son in and he and Fred spent a pleasant evening together. Then Fred was shown to a

warm chamber, where he went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning Fred was up bright and early, and going down to the kitchen, saw that all the family were already up.

After breakfast Fred helped Jack do his work, and then the two boys went to the barn and selected vegetables for dinner, for it was Thanksgiving day, and the vegetables had to be prepared. Fred remembered doing the same thing last year at his own home, and he wanted to go home more than ever. He thought of his father again, but this time he didn't think that his father was so much to blame. Fred could stay no longer, and going to Jack's mother he begged her to send him home.

"Why, I thought we were going to have you for a visitor over Thanksgiving said

she, in a surprised tone.

"Well I think I ought to go back," said Fred, "although I should like to stay very much."

"Well, we should like to have you, but if you feel that you ought to go, you may."

So a horse was harnessed, and Jack's father took Fred home.

They found Fred's mother and father at home, the latter having just returned from a fruitless search. They were so glad to see their boy that they forgot all about his running away, and Jack's father told Mr. Maynard about his son's finding Fred in the barn.

So Fred ate his Thanksgiving dinner at home after all, but he never was whipped by his father again nor did he ever again try to run away.

A Tragedy in the Snow.

HARALD W. ABBOTT.

All day long from a dull, lead-colored sky the soft heavy snow had fallen. Softly it fell and yet relentlessly, covering stealthily and steadily the irregularities of the winter landscape. It blurred and softened the harsh outline of the skeleton trees, seemingly transforming them into gigantic cotton plants. Dimly seen through the hazy light, the far-stretching meadow with a calm deep-flowing stream moving between spotless banks, and a tumble-down old barn in the distance beyond a single row of specter birches, brought a sensation of quiet peace and power. All day long the snow fell while not a leaf stirred. The rabbits and squirrels were snug in their burrows; the musk-

rats along the stream occasionally swam to and fro on their way to a neighbor's; as for the birds, they were hidden among the thick needles of the pine trees. All except the partridges, and they, with the knowledge given them by Nature, were under the snow, where they had dived at the beginning of the storm.

Day came to an end, and night fell without a sinking sun to lighten the oppressive gloom. Still through the long night the feathery flakes heaped up in masses. Toward morning, a brisk wind arose which, increasing in violence, played the part of Nature's negligent sweeper, flourishing its broom here and there, in some spots sweeping the earth quite bare and

exposing the short brown grass; in others, with a flit and a whistle, whisking a cloud of powdery snow into every fence corner and sheltered nook. As soon as the wind came up the snow stopped, yet hardly had the last flake touched the ground when the first red rays of the morning sun shot across the pure earth-covering.

At this signal the shifting wind with a shout of rage blew the snow about in eddies and whirls, tossing it into the air only to catch and whirl it away in the distance. Weaker and weaker grew the wind until at last it died away.

Then from the pine trees fluttered the birds; from their warm berths in the snow the partridges burst with a noisy bustle; the squirrels skipped from their nests in the walls and scurried briskly about; and the rabbits peeped timidly from their burrows, casting their big eyes about in search of possible danger, and were soon unconcernedly hopping about, nibbling at everything in their path.

One more courageous than the rest, gaily hopped out into the open meadow. Evidently he was young, for running about in circles, with little dashes here and there, he played with himself. At last

he rested, but joyous and frisky beyond the understanding of human minds, he could not be still. With some fixed idea, he trotted slowly across the snowy field, Happy was he, yet the birds and squirrels had ceased their chatter and were again in hiding. High in the air, circling about, could be seen the cause. Head outstretched, wings widespread and motionless, a large hawk soared in the air, his beady eyes searching the earth below for an appetizing breakfast. Halting for a moment, as quiet as the air about him, he poised and, closing his wings, shot down upon the unsuspecting rabbit. Joyfully the little brown bunny hopped along, until the whistle of the wind through the hawk's wings brought him to a cowering stop. With an inborn instinct he sought to save himself by a leap to one side.

The hawk baffled, rose again in the air, while the rabbit loped off as merry as ever. Scarcely had he gone a yard than the hawk pounced on him, this time from such close quarters that he could not run.

A short struggle, a human-like shriek; and the heavily-laden bird flew low over the trees to devour his quarry in peace.

The Course in Agriculture.

FRANCIS DOUBLE, (An "Aggie").

A large number of people consider agriculture a waste of time, an occupation without profit. They do not stop to think that not only what they eat, but what they wear, and use, comes either directly or indirectly from the soil.

Some may think that any man, whether he has an education or not, can be a farmer, but the course thus far has brought

to our attention the fact that the successful farmer must know more than the ordinary business man,—he must know where and how to sell his products—which are many—at the best prices, as well as to know how to produce them. He must have a knowledge of mechanics, physics, chemistry, botany, and everything relating to plant life.

We have just completed our hot bed, which we shall use for growing garden truck in the early spring,—between March and the first of May. We are now partitioning off a room in the Old Academy which we are going to use for growing plants to be experimented upon in the laboratory. Later, we hope to show some garden products worth looking at.

Our plans for the spring are now being made, and we soon will be able to give them in full.

We have been experimenting on the formation of the soil, how it retains moisture, the action of capillary water, and how much moisture air dried soil contains.

The following is a short outline of the proposed work of the Agricultural class:

1. SOIL: Definition, Contents, Texture, Moisture, Tillage, Fertilizers.
2. BOTANY: The Structure of Plants, Classification.
3. ENTOMOLOGY: Life and History of Insects.
4. PLANT PATHOLOGY.
5. SPRAYING.
6. APPLICATION TO PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.
7. PRINCIPLES OF HYGIENE AND CARE OF ANIMALS, Feeding of Animals, Value of Animals.
8. GEOLOGY.
9. SPECIALIZED AGRICULTURE, Horticulture, Agronomy, Animal Husbandry.

The Dissappointment of Webb.

MASON J. YOUNG.

It was Webb's first year as the trainer of the Burchell College football team. In his senior year at Burchell, six years before, he had been on the football squad, and had almost made the training table. Although he could play a good game at tackle, nevertheless, he did not come to college for football. Webb always ranked as one of the best in his class at college and later at the medical school. To him, football was only a means of physical exercise to make him better fit to study. During his course at the medical school and later in his life as a practicing physician, he spent much time formulating his beliefs as to the relation of athletics in general and football in particular, to education.

It was six o'clock Thanksgiving evening. Burchell had beaten her dearest rival, Lafayette, six to nothing. At the

Burchell training table were seated sixteen boys, talking boisterously about their successful season, in spite of the great mouthfuls of turkey, pudding and pie,—four kinds of pie, as Dick the nervy quarterback said, "Apple, squash, mince and unclassified." But that was not all; they had pickles and coffee, too. Jones, the full back, was just saying, "I wonder what Webb would say if he saw me now? Only yesterday he gave me another lecture about the importance of dieting, and made me promise I would keep it up. Anyway, he is a good fellow, for all his theory, and practices what he preaches."

Jones little realized how soon he would be called to account. Even then Webb was within a hundred yards, thinking about the many congratulations he had received upon the fine condition the Burchell team had shown. Knowing the

ancient custom of the team after the annual Thanksgiving game, to assemble, and order a Thanksgiving dinner at the Athletic Association's expense, he was going, in perfect trust that the principles he had inculcated into them were being followed, to congratulate them on having the will power to eat the same supper they had eaten every Thursday evening since the beginning of the football season.

Deep was the chagrin expressed on

Webb's face, guilty the look of those sixteen football players, when he walked in. He looked at Jones; he looked at Dick; the tears seemed to rise in his eyes. Then collecting himself, he walked out without a word. That was all; but it was enough to spoil the rest of that Thanksgiving dinner for those boys. Webb went home a disappointed man. The next day he handed in his resignation, and went back to his paltry practice in a small New England village.

Instinct for Work.

MILDRED E. GREEN.

[Second Prize Essay in the Derby Composition Contest of 1909.]

It is too often said that man works only because he must, that he would not work if it were not for the need of earning his living. There are few men who would be willing to sit down, and do nothing from day to day. There is some force, some inner necessity, which compels a man to work, besides the outer necessity. There is evidence that the inner necessity is at least as strong as the outer. It is not uncommon to hear a person say that he cannot be happy with nothing to do. A great majority of people's happiness is kept only by hard work. When one has met with a loss it is much easier to bear it if he can only work hard; and in that fact we see another evidence of the inner need of work. We often hear a little child say, "Oh, mamma, what shall I do. I can't find anything to play." There is the instinct for work again displayed in the little child, who small as it is, is not contented to sit down and do nothing, but must be playing something all the time.

If one is idle, it is sometimes merely from the fact that he cannot find the work that he can do best, and is unwilling to take up with the first thing that presents itself, in which case he is to blame, but not for laziness. Or he cannot find work that he can do at all. That puts him in the class of the unemployed. That is his misfortune rather than his fault.

Real laziness might almost be looked upon as a disease. It is not so common as some would have us believe. A lazy person, one who seeks and finds happiness in nothing to do, is a foolish person. He does not know happiness when he sees it; he does not know what is good for himself physically, mentally or morally.

Whether it is in work or in play, healthy men seek activity. If one is not working hard then we may usually see him playing hard. There is that force, that instinct for activity which makes a man seek either work or play.

In eighty years Goethe said all the rest he ever asked was a change of work. In

the present age of specialization it is hard to find work that affords change. If one does one thing he has to do that all the time. That is one reason why people need so much rest or play. If we could change our work occasionally it would make it much easier for us.

The psychologists say that evidence points to an instinct for work in man, as in the ant and bee. A bee is one of the most industrious toilers, and if taken from its swarm so that it cannot work, it is said that it will soon die, and the same is true of the ant. Thus if man is deprived of his work, while he still has his strength, he will soon pine away for want of something to do.

Men do not work primarily for gain, for often men work who do not have to. They work simply because they could not live without it. They demand gain naturally, as proof that their work is useful, and not thrown away, that it *is* work; but they like work for its own sake.

Men want their work to be productive, they would not care to work hard because they see no visible gain from it; but the boy does not look at it that way. He does not demand that result of his work be visible.

There is a great deal of difference of opinions as to just what productive work consists of. Many think that the work of the lawyer, the professional man, or the teacher does not seem as productive as the work of the farmer or mechanic. Moreover they are not quite sure it is just as hard. But it is at least as hard, for in one case the man uses his hands more and his brains less, and in the other case the man uses his hands less and his brains more. It is just as productive;

though the uneducated man may find it difficult to see the object or gain in brain work. Some think that the scholar has no work to do, that the student's life is a comparatively easy one, but it is not. The scholar works just as hard as the laborer; the only difference is that one works with his brains and the other with his hands.

As it is to the narrow, practical man, so it is apt to be to the boy just reaching manhood. He sees only the good of the work that appeals to him. The practical man has his eye on the productive side of the work, and does not understand the work where he cannot see the product. The practical boy ought not to be expected to comprehend the value of an education purely in books. It is no wonder that often after a year or two at an academy or high school, he turns to the fields and shops for employment that looks to him more sensible. It is not because he covets more money, but he has too much self-respect to be doing something which he can't see the use of or give his heart to. He wants to feel that he is working, and that he gains something for his work.

Educators say that that kind of a boy will have to be provided for in the country academies of the near future. There will be work shops connected with the school, where things are actually made. Thus the practical minded boy of today must get his education, if it is to be prolonged beyond the grammar school, at the work bench, in the laboratory, and at the lathe. His instinct for work must be considered, if he is to be kept or brought under the influence of higher school culture.

Athletics.

The football team has progressed as well as expected when one considers the disadvantage of never having the same men out on two consecutive days. Coach Brice, in spite of this discouraging feature, has persevered and has rounded the team into as good shape as possible. Still it seems to me, that when a fellow goes out for the football team, he should be interested enough in the school honor to keep up in his studies. It cannot be very encouraging to a coach after he has a team made up, to have three or four of the best players disqualified at the very last minute. It would be a good thing to remember that we go out for the teams representing the Academy; not simply to earn our letter, or for any personal honor, but for the honor of the school as a whole. And not wholly that, for a student's physical condition is of greater importance than mere honor gained on the athletic field.

By the time this article has gone to press the annual Pinkerton-Sanborn football game will have been played. As usual the results are in doubt, but it appears that we have as good a chance as our rivals in gaining another lap on the cup. The cheer-leaders are busy drilling the student-body to cheer together, and on the afternoon of November 13th, Merriam Field will resound with cheers for the players in red.

As soon as the football season is over, work will be done towards forming a cross-country team. Running is something in which bulk and brute strength does not make a star performer. We hope that a large percentage of the small boys will come out, especially as it is fine training for the hockey team which Mr. Pot-

ter wishes to start this winter.

The Principal and Mr. Frost are to form and captain two teams of the smaller boys, who are to play a game which, for want of an authorized name, is called, "Ten Steps."

The game is played with a Rugby football, which is kicked from one opposing side to the other. No player can run with the ball, but when a fair catch is made from the kicked ball, ten steps towards the goal line of the opponents is made by the catcher. The boys (and teachers) seem to get a deal of sport from the game, and it certainly does look interesting from the side lines.

NASHUA 22, P. A. O.

Owing to dissension in the Nashua team every one thought we would have a chance to score on the visitors, but when the team appeared on the field, it was another thing. Against such experienced players as Labine and Dane, our men could do nothing. Haslam played a good game at end, while the rest of the team did their usual consistent work.

N. H. S.

P. A.

D. Haggerty, le	re, J. Bartlett
J. Haggerty, lt	rt, Graham
Emerson, lg	rg, Mills (McClure)
Coffee, c	c, Curtis
Flanders, rg	lg, Grant
Roscoe, rt	lt, Mears
Coggins, re	le, Haslam
Dane, qb	qb, Hodsdon
Ledeux (Graves), lhb	rhb, R. Bartlett
	(Ladd)
Labine, rhb	lhb, Webster
Roberts (Doyle), fb	fb, Salner

Score:—Nashua H. S., 22. Touchdowns—Labine, Roberts, Dane, J. Haggerty. Goals from touchdowns—J. Hag-

gerty, 2. Umpire—Potter. Referee—Wilkins. Field Judge—Raitt. Linesmen—Roode, Williams, F. Corson. Time—20 minute halves.

PUNCHARD 29, P. A., 5.

October 30th the team went to Andover where they played Punchard Academy. It was the same old story, our men too light and inexperienced to hold their own. Punchard contributed the most exciting play when Dole made a spectacular touchdown after receiving the ball on a forward pass. Curtis showed he was in the game by recovering the ball on a fumbled punt and making P. A.'s. only touchdown this season.

PUNCHARD.

P. A.

Towne, le	re, J. Bartlett
	rt, Graham
Dole, lt	rg, Grant
Rhodes, lg	c, Curtis
Cates, } c	lg, { Mills
Sullivan, }	Page
Dearborn, } rg	lt, Mears
Richardson, }	
Hoigh, rt	le, Haslam
Wilcox, } re	qb, Hodsdon
Bowman, }	rhb, R. Bartlett
Bowman, } qb	lhb, { Webster
Lawson, }	Ladd
Boland, lhb	fb, Salner
Kyle, rhb	
Anderson, fb	

Score:—Punchard 29, P. A. 5. Touchdowns—Anderson 2, Kyle 2, Dole, Curtis. Goals from touchdowns—Dole 3, Kyle. Referee—Davis. Field Judge—Lindsay. Linesmen—Norton and Williams. Umpire—Potter.

HAVERHILL B. C. 17, P. A. 0.

A husky team of players from the Haverhill Business College played us on

Merriam Field, November 6. The visitors were as inexperienced as any team that has been on the field, but their superior weight and strength told in the score. Holland starred for Haverhill, while J. Bartlett put up a fine game in an unfamiliar position.

The lineup:

H. B. C.

P. A.

Durant, le	re, { C. Haslam
	{ Norton
Frost, lt	rt, McClure
Short, lg	rg, Grant
Hamm, c	c, Curtis
Bolan, rt	lg, { Mills
Hart, rg	{ Young
Proctor, re	lt, Mears
Holland, lhb,	le, { B. Haslam
	{ Learnard
Trainer, rhb	qb, Hodsdon
Simpson, fb	rhb, R. Bartlett
	lhb, Ladd (Graham)
	fb, J. Bartlett

Score:—Haverhill B. C., 17. Touchdowns—Holland 3. Goals from touchdowns—Short 2. Umpire—Raitt. Referee—W. B. Austin. Linesmen—Williams and Webster. Time—15 minute halves.

As Usual.

By "H. L."

SCENE—Sitting Room. Mother is found seated in rear of room. Enter Madge.

MADGE—Mother, Alice is going to have a party Friday night. Can I go?

MOTHER—Why, I suppose so.

MADGE—What will I wear?

MOTHER—Your white dress.

MADGE—Oh mother, can't I wear my pink one?

MOTHER—No, Madge, you must save that for the reception. That is what I made it for.

MADGE—Just this once? Fred's school mate is coming from the city and I wish to look nice.

MOTHER—You look good enough in your white.

MADGE—Please can't I wear my pink dress?

MOTHER—No.

MADGE—I shan't go unless I wear my pink one.

MOTHER—Well, stay at home then.

(A day later. Same scene. Enter Madge.)

MADGE—Oh, mother, Mary Hart's mother is going to let Mary wear her reception dress to the party.

MOTHER—Indeed!

MADGE—Can't I wear mine?

MOTHER—No.

MADGE—Just this once? I'll be careful of it and—oh, please may I wear it mother?

MOTHER (waveringly)—Well, if I was sure you would be careful, I—

MADGE—Oh, goody! Mother, I am going to tell Mary."

(Curtain.)

The Passing of Autumn.

By "H. L."

The Autumn leaves are falling
That hill and dale have worn,
And from the warmth of summer
A new world seems to be born.

For God in his great goodness
When this great world was made,
Created one grand season,
In wondrous tints arrayed.

But our hearts leap up for winter
The season of sleet and snow,
Yet still there's a tinge of sadness
That our gay leaves must go.

A Warning.

By HAZEL RAITT '10.

Dark clouds are gathering,
The wind begins to blow,
Giving forth a warning
Of the fast approaching snow.

All the leaves have fallen,
The trees are brown and bare,
And as the cold wind whistles
We feel Winter in the air.

Alumni Department.

Alumni Notes.

(* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

'77-79. Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Demeritt (Belle D. McGregor) of Houston, Texas, spent a portion of their vacation in Derry. Mr. Demeritt is the assistant postmaster of that city. He is enthusiastic over the rapid growth and future possibilities of Houston. In the last

decade, especially, has its advancement been astonishing. Many large and costly buildings have been erected. The climate is so mild that fires will not be needed for some time to come. He reports a pleasant trip home.

'77-'83. Mrs. Frank J. Corwin and her sister, Miss Sarah H. Couch, recently spent a delightful afternoon at the Long-fellow home, Cambridge, Mass.

'78. Miss Nellie S. Dickey had charge of a tea house at Ogunquit, Me., the past summer.

'78. Charles H. Hood was in Washington, D. C., recently.

'79. Prof. Charles E. Adams has severed his connection with the Salem Normal School after a term of twenty-two years. He had charge of the Physical Science Department, and had served under three principals,—Dr. Hager, Dr. Beckwith, and Prof. Pitman. Mr. Adams played an important part in planning and equipping the new building. He resigned his position in the Normal School to accept one more lucrative with the Redeemable Investment Co., Boston, Mass.

'84. Miss Cora B. Goodwin is spending the autumn months with her mother at their pleasant home in Londonderry, N. H.

'86 Faculty. It was with pleasure that we once again met Miss Elizabeth F. Billings, who has been visiting the scenes of her childhood. She has many pleasant stories to relate of her home and life in Pasadena, Cal.

'89. Miss Helen A. Adams, Johns Hopkins College, Baltimore, Md., passed her annual vacation in town.

'90. Mrs. H. G. Clark, (Bessie M. Upton) from Hartford, Conn., is a visitor here at the home of her parents.

'93. Frederick W. Poor is President of the "Social Union," Church of the Disciples, Boston, Mass.

'94. Prin. Ernest L. Silver gave an address on "Agriculture" before the State Teachers' Convention at Concord in October.

'95. Reid Paige Clark, secretary to

Senator Burnham, is taking a pleasure trip of several months to Mexico. He states that he is much pleased with Orizoba and Mexico City. The latter city is similar in many ways to the European centers of education and wealth.

*'01. Miss Grace H. Warner is taking a course in harmony at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.

'01. Miss Alice Durgin Chase, after a year's absence in the West, has returned to her home in the East.

'03. Clara L. Hunt, who is teaching at District No. 8, Derry, recently gave an interesting entertainment to aid in the purchase of a piano for the school. Letters were read from former teachers, and substantial aid was also given by them.

'05. Miss Bessie E. Bradford is in Rochester, N. Y.

'05, Faculty. Mrs. Irving Colby (Mary B. Bartlett) of Elwood, Pa., was a welcome visitor to Derry a few days since.

'08. Harry G. Hager is in the Shoe Dept. of Leopold Morse & Co., Boston, Mass.

'08-*'08. Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Corson (Leila Lang) have removed to Andover, Mass. Mr. Corson is employed in the Smith and Dove Manufactory there.

'09, Janitor. The lawn sloping from the residence of Mr. Frank G. How, one day in August, was the scene of a notable gathering when the Molly Reid chapter, D. A. R., dedicated a tablet to Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

'09, Faculty. Robert F. Frost and family passed the summer at Bethlehem, N. H.

'09. Miss Ruth M. Blood is employed

in the News-Enterprise office at Derry.

'09. Miss Mae A. McCallum is teaching in West Windham.

Sioux City, S. D., Oct. '09, Carson Williams of Phillip, S. D., and Miss Martha Wilson Low.

Marriages.

Natick, Mass., Oct. 7, '09, Sydney Wallace Bampton and Miss Maude Estelle Gilligan.

Derry, N. H., Oct. 6, '09, William E. Tabor and Miss Margaret Stilphen.

Deaths.

Oct. 21, '09, Derry, N. H., William E. Tabor, aged 34.

Oct. 7, '09, Cashmere, Wash., Mrs. Laura Parshley Griffin, wife of Estes I. Griffin.

Random Recollections of an Old Pinkerton Student.

BY HENRY A. BRADFORD.

"Seeing the elephant" at Wilson's blacksmith shop was a great treat to the new students at Pinkerton. The power for the grindstone was obtained by means of a flume about three feet square ending in a pen structure eight by eight. About five feet from the ground there was a hole from which the water would squirt with great force. This hole was fitted with a plug. The freshmen were taken one at a time to this place and at their request to see the elephant, they were told to pull out the plug and look quickly into the hole. The result was a complete drenching from head to foot.

Charles Adams owned the grist mill and in the fall would make cider for the townspeople. The P. A. boys would call there for a drink of the new cider. Mr. Adams had two charming daughters, and in order to see them, which was against the rules of the Academy (Sec. 9), the P. A. boys had, as an excuse, the getting of a drink. This proved a good invest-

ment to Mr. Adams however, for he got two Pinkerton boys for son-in-laws.

Spelling matches were then in vogue, and we used to visit the district schools in the evening to spell. Sides were taken, and the one who stood in line the longest was declared the winner. At the village a young girl of eight, Miss Poor, beat us. At East Derry, after a long and exciting struggle, we came out victorious. One East Derry boy was so excited that, having gone into a neighbors after the match to tell about it, and having taken off his boots to warm his feet, he went home in his stocking feet without thinking what he was doing. This young man now has a large store in a nearby city, and would like to see his Pinkerton friends of former times. I would like to see a match between the P. A. students and the town schools in spelling the words of everyday life. I think that the town people would stand a good show.

Dr. Crombie was a good friend of the

boys who used him well, and was always ready to help them out in their plans. Walter Stevens, a small boy from Nottingham, boarded at the doctor's. He wanted to take Sally Clark to a sleigh ride, but, being very bashful, and it being against the rules of the Academy, he had not the courage to ask the Principal for permission, but told his friend of his trouble. Friday afternoon the doctor wanted a force pump. No one in town had one, but he knew that Reed P. Clark of Londonderry did, and so he told Sally Clark that he was going up to her house and would take her with him. Just as he was about to start however, he had a call to a patient in Chester. So he got Walter excused from Mr. Newell to go after the pump and take Sally home. To say that Walter was pleased is putting it mild. The doctor had a very small sleigh, and so Walter took it to go to Londonderry in. There was room for only one, but Walter and Sally made the ride through the deep drifts without tipping over more than five times. Walter told me this last winter

that he never enjoyed a ride in his life as he did that one.

On the thirteenth of November, 1869, at thirteen minutes past twelve, four boys were seen running along the turnpike at breakneck speed, yelling that the spirits were after them. They had been up at the old academy at just the right time to see the Ghost, and seeing him, they started to run for their lives down the turnpike, through the village to the Bridge school house. Then they ran into a hut back of the house. On looking out they saw their Ghost coming around the corner directly towards them. It was Doctor Butterfield and Charlie Berry, who had seen the boys running, and, thinking they were up to some mischief, had followed them to their retreat. Our milkman will tell you today that he has seen the Academy Ghost.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The next issue will contain the story of the P. A. diamond robbery and the sensation it caused.

The Academy Crow.



Caw! Caw! Caw! What interesting things are being done about Pinkerton! I used to get lonely sometimes in the afternoon if there wasn't a foot ball game or something else for excitement, but lately I've been spending the afternoons watching the men working at the Old Academy. One day I chanced to glance

in the window of the old music room and was surprised to see a stove, an ice chest, some tables and dishes. Then I remembered that the Domestic Science Class now used that room. I shall be sure to keep on the good side of the girls, so that they will think of me when they are cooking good things. I call it a shame that the class in Agriculture comes the same period, because I want to watch them both, but even with my sharp eyes, I can't look two ways at once.

I noticed a young lady about the building whom I had not seen before, and supposed her to be a new scholar, but as she did not seem to get mixed up about classes, I asked a friend of mine who she was. To my astonishment he replied that she was Miss Briggs, a new teacher.

What good times the scholars are having this year! That sociable after the Nashua game was enjoyed by every one, for the Pinkerton students do know how to have a good time even if they do get "beat." I wished to sample some of that candy, but no convenient chance was offered me, and evidently the P. A. girls forgot the Crow in their anxiety to serve the Nashua boys. I hope that there will be many more good times after the games, for I am sure all would enjoy them.

One morning, as I was flying down from the belfry where I had slept, I heard a great commotion in Room 5. Looking in the window, I saw four or five boys carrying Goldsmith toward the door. I don't know what they would have done to "Goldie" if Miss Wooldridge hadn't interfered. I afterwards learned that it was all caused by his first long pants.

On Thursday afternoon as I was flying around, I was surprised to see a group of 1911 girls with Miss Briggs seated on the front steps. I learned from their conver-

sation that they were waiting for the young men of their class to appear. Finally, two came up and they started. When they reached the postoffice others joined them and I found they were going chestnutting. I saw them returning about five o'clock with but few chestnuts and a large amount of good spirits.

On Hallowe'en, thinking that some one was up to mischief, I flew up there to find that 1912 was holding a very interesting social. Of course I stayed to see things, and enjoyed myself watching Mr. Frost and Mr. Potter drinking punch. The selections by the orchestra were very good, but once I thought Miss Marston's lips must be tired as she used her voice instead of the cornet. The farce went off very well, especially that blood-curdling scream of our English teacher. I enjoyed watching that last hot coffee, for every one seemed to have a good time. This social promptly closed at ten, which was somewhat of a surprise to me.

Tuesday morning, November 9, while flying through the hall, I saw a look of deep regret on every face. There were no smiles to greet me, and everyone was saying to someone else, "Isn't it too bad?" I wished to find out what it was, so I followed the students to chapel exercises, and felt very sorry when Mr. Silver announced the resignation of Miss Parsons.



Grinds.



"Ladd, Thinking" or "Meditation"—a beautiful picture drawn by Mr. Frost in the Senior English class! Very wonderful, too, when you consider the fact that Ladd was really thinking!

L. M. S. '10 (translating French)—"The tops of the trees leaned toward the sun."

What bashful scholars in the Senior English class!

A Senior Middler, seeing Graham enter the room without the plaster on his nose, was heard to remark, "Oh, look, Graham's got his nose off."

Girls take notice! This is the latest in hats, according to H. I. S. '10, who said in U. S. History, "They sent to England for the 'broadcloth' for their hats."

Mr. B. (in Latin IV)—"Why was Venus called Cytherea?"

E. A. N. '10—"Because that was one of her names, I suppose." (The very answer one would expect from a clown!)

Can you study Review Mathematics better in the office, Carl?

E. L. C. '10 (translating Latin)—"Sy-chaeus was 'her' wife."

E. A. H. '10 (in French)—"She stood there near the body of 'his' husband."

A young Junior, noticing the ivy on the academy,— "How pretty that 'ivory' looks climbing over the building!"

What a long time it took "Neddie" to decide what relation the daughter of his mother was to him!

TEACHER—"Tell about the old law for homicide."

PUPIL (reciting)—"and if any man slays another the relatives of the 'dis-eased' may pursue and kill him."

"Curiosity killed a cat!"

There was fear in Johnny's bearing,
There was speed in Johnny's gait,
Through his head the thought was tearing
That he surely would be late.
Late for what, the reader asks us,
Shall we mention it again?
Once more we will repeat it,
Johnny wasn't in at ten!

(By one who knows.)

"Saved by the bell."

Hayfoot—"At Henry's death Stephen, his niece, came to the throne."

"Since the moon is shining bright
May I see you home tonight?"

I wonder who asked Esther that.

Mr. Newell (after looking the Senior History class over)—“Is the Junior class reciting?”

There is something new in school,—the “Three O’clock Club.” Are you a member?

Of course we do not doubt Clarissa’s word, but really we are surprised to learn that she has been in prison.

Mr. P. (In Physics) “What is a piston?” H. I. S. ’10 (in an undertone). “What is it anyway—the thing that steam comes out of?”

“OUT IN A HIGHT WINDY.”

“As a crowd was coming out of a shop I noticed that all but a few were holding on to their hats. The few who were not holding on to their hats had tight fitting hats. The wind took one of the hats which was not a tight fitting one, and as soon as the hat was gone the man started after the hat, he had to stoop to pick up the hat many times, for when he would stoop to pick up the hat, a fresh gust of wind would take his hat a long way off. While he was stooping once to pick up the hat, he found a piece of money so he was somewhat repaid for his chase.”

By a rising author of 1911.

Teacher. “Otez-vous votre chapeau quand vous rencontre une demoiselle?”

R. L. B., ’12, (not understanding), shakes his head.

We can state upon the best of authority that Grant, ’12, is very, very sorry that the double seats have been removed from Room VIII. “I need one,” he confidentially informs the Owl.

I once heard a French teacher say,
As she looked through the work of the day,

“Mistakes may be nice,
But they cut little ice,
With the scholar who likes to get ‘A.’”

PROGRESS.

Mon. Miss B. “Tell something about Egypt.”

A. D. E., ’12. “I ain’t got no book.”

Miss B. (correcting) “I haven’t any book.”

Tues. Miss B.—“You may recite, Eastman.”

A. D. E. “I haven’t got no book.”

Miss B. “I haven’t any book.”

Wed. Miss B. “Eastman, —”

A. D. E. “I havn’t got any book.”

We hope Arthur will get there sometime, but we doubt it.

Lollipops? There’s a perfect craze for them among the younger scholars. One little Junior as he was blissfully sucking one of them composed this poem (???):

TO A LOLLYPOP.

Oh how I love my lollipop!
I could suck it and never stop;
I buy it with a hard-earned cent
And I am sorry when it’s went!!
Throw the bouquets at Kloeber, ’13.

The Junior Middlers are growing absent minded. A short time ago one of the girls got into a team hitched to a tree and commanded the horse to “Move on!” Much to the girl’s surprise the horse didn’t go very far. And it was not long after this that we heard Page and Learnard ’12, tell a teacher that they had forgotten where their desks were!

R. C. G. (Explaining Theorem)—Then A B must be greater than C D, or less than C D, or equal than C D.

MR. F.—“You remember the time, long, long ago, when Mary brought the

lamb to school? How it made the children laugh and play?"

JR. MIDDLEL—"Not exactly; about when was it?" Such ignorance!

TEACHER—How do you translate, "Itaque paulisper apud oppidum morati agrosque Remorum depopolati?"

D. S. L., '12—"I don't."

A few Juniors and Junior Middlers acted in a very undignified manner when they proceeded to show the Senior Clown that it was the open season for "ducks." We were astonished, especially at the Jr. Middlers, who showed less taste than the Juniors, by selecting a mud puddle for the demonstration instead of the shower bath, as the Juniors did.

Many of the scholars found that they had secured their "P"—a good red one, too,—when they received their report cards.

Two boys were sitting on the bank adjoining Bartlett's pear orchard, eating pears and watching the football squad.

J.E. M.—"What kind of pears are these? Sheldons?"

T. F. L. (absent-mindedly)—No; Bartletts ('s).

B. M. H., '12, (translating)—"We need a napkin to wipe our mouth."

J. L. M., '12—Je trempe la plume dans l'emre. "I wet the pen in the ink."

TEACHER—Put the fifth sentence in Latin.

YOUNG HOPEFUL—Erat amplius er-er

TEACHER—"That's right; go on. You said 'eo quo,' did you not?"

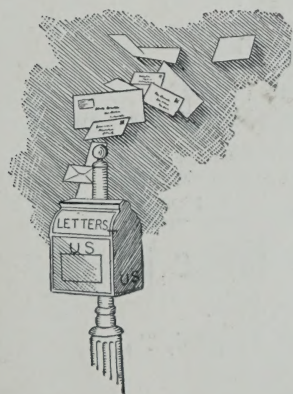
Y. H.—"Certainly." (Of course).

B. M. P., '12.—Le chat qui dort au coin du feu fait rourou. "The cat that sleeps in the fire says, 'Meow! Meow!'"

TEACHER—"You see, Miss R—, the sticking part is the only part that er—well—"

L. M. M., '12, (unable to resist)—"Sticks you!"

H. G., '13.—"Miss Briggs 'expels' us all to have sneakers."



Exchanges.

The editorial column, considering the fact that it is written by the foremost writers of the school, should be the most interesting department of a school paper. It should be vivacious and animated.

And yet, in every exchange so far received, it has been dull to a greater or less degree. It has been almost invariably composed of memories of the past and hopes for the future, with a smatter-

ing of very general remarks about the football prospects, instead of being the well voiced opinions of a number of the best students in school concerning the questions of active school life. The *Tattler*, Nashua, N. H., sent us an editorial column composed of four and five sentence paragraphs about separate ideas expressed with a little bad grammar. In fact, the last one or two paragraphs could boast of only a sentence apiece. If we were to judge the schools represented in our exchange list by the standard, that what is worth living makes good writing, I am afraid that a number would suffer seriously.

We think that *The Tooter*, South Omaha, Neb., should adopt a higher standard in all departments. Intentional mistakes to be funny may be allowable occasional-

ly, when well written, but never in any quantity when poorly written.

The chief strength of *The Mirror*, Waltham, Mass., lies in its Literary Department. There were several stories that showed quite clever plots. The story, "A Diary of a Young Man's Vacation," was especially good. Such a Literary Department makes a paper worth while.

The following exchanges have been received :

Argus (Gardner, Mass.), *Artisan*, (Boston, Mass.), *Breccia*, (Portland, Me.), *Echo*, (Kingston, N. H.), *Gates Index*, (Nelson, Neb.), *Goddard Record*, (Barre, Vt.), *Lakonian*, (Laconia, N. H.), *Mirror*, (Waltham, Mass.), *Res Academicæ*, (Wilkes Barre, Pa.), *Tattler*, (Nashua, N. H.), *Tooter*, (South Omaha, Neb.), *Voice*, (New London, N. H.), *Vox Studentis* (Union City, Tenn.);

Charles Bartlett,

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